

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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**ORIGINAL POETRY.**  
**MUSIC.**  
Oh! there is not on earth a bliss,  
To love and to be loved,  
To win from a world like this,  
And sing the soul away to heaven?

**CELEBRATED LUCKY**  
**ONE'S HOME FOREVER!**  
The new Union Canal Lottery,  
Class—New Series, will be drawn on the 27th of December, 1824, and the prizes will be distributed on the 28th of the same month. Sixty numbers—eight tickets to be drawn.

**SCHEME.**  
50,000 is 50,000  
10,000 is 10,000  
5,000 is 5,000  
4,720 is 4,720  
1,000 is 1,000  
500 is 500  
100 is 100  
50 is 50  
20 is 20  
10 is 10

**PLEASURE—BY JOHN RAY.**  
Ask the hermit's solitary home,  
Where the flow'rs of pleasure bloom;  
Where the sage will say,  
They only live beyond the tomb.  
But oh! his heart's last wish has fled,  
And pleasure in his soul is dead.

**TO MISS REBECCA K\*\*\*\*.**  
Look round on the pale brow of Nature, and see  
The cold, chilling breeze of Autumn have done;  
What are the blossoms of each tall forest tree,  
And the meadow's green verdure is lighted and gone;  
And the valley now places the eye,  
With the beautiful hue it displays in the spring,  
In these each gay flower did wither and die,  
In the wood-robin dead and the lark could sing!

**TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND**  
**IN THE COUNTRY.**  
When winter mounts his gusty car and his,  
Hurrying deep snows through the cloud-thick'd skies,  
In deep sleep, let in thy chains the floods,  
And clothe in glittering robes the naked woods,  
When all the storms that crown his yearly birth  
Whisper to thy soul the voice of earth,  
The Christian sees his God in every storm,  
In wind, or hail, in one and every form.

**TO MISS SARAH G\*\*\*\*.**  
I once lov'd the God of love,  
To touch the heart of some fair friend,  
Who might a mutual fondness feel,  
And thereby shield me from despair.  
Cupid was pleas'd to grant my pray,  
And look with pity from above;  
For since that hour, I never have felt  
The anguish of rejected love.

**THE MISANTHROPE.**  
There was no colour in his cheek, no splendour in his eye,  
When that dark-eyed maiden came, like some bright vi-  
sion, by;  
And the only sun that shone revivingly on him;  
And any other eye of fire had found him cold and dim.

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There is a ruin of the soul which naught but falsehood brings,  
When woman's pride descends to catch at heart's sufferings;  
To swell the gloomy lists of those who at her feet expire,  
By one whose heart is shy, and doth at every smile retire.

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
"Life's little stage, (says Young) is a small eminence—  
but inch-high above the grave, that final home of man,  
where dwells the untold multitude. We look around—we read their monuments—we sigh—and, as we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored—lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
These sacred truths, though summarily expressed,  
are replete with interesting admonitions. "We are apt to think this life of ours immortal, and to bestow no attention to the narrow limits, destined, sooner or later, to confine it; thus thinking, we live and act, on many occasions, repugnant to that virtue and justice, which we should admire, venerate, and practice, did we call to mind the uncertainty of our prospects and duration here, and the certainty of an hereafter, in which we are to be rewarded, or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in this life."

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
A grave-yard is both instructive to the mind, and wholesome to the soul. While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue, it demonstrates, that death burles the darts alike at all; and that, in the grave, all share one common fate, to moulder and decay; and as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the inscriptions or upon the actions which distinguish the persons they mark, a voice seems continually ascending to our ears, saying, "Live righteously, that you may die good and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
Now you are prepared to understand how it will be with man when he is disembodied. The body, which containeth the senses lies mouldering in the grave; the hollow places where the ball of the eye did roll in its beauty, and the ear sat pleased in her vocal chambers, are passages for the worms to creep in and out, to their feast, upon the finer organs of the brain, where the soul had her council-chamber; and the finely woven nerves of taste and smell, which call upon every clime of the earth for entertainment with all the beauty which nature furnished with her cunning hand upon the outward forms of man, are now overspread with the clammy and contagious fingers of corruption, and some feet of earth, hide their unsightly dissolution from the view and knowledge of mankind.

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
The link is broken and rusted away which joined the soul to the enjoyments or the troubles of the present world. No new material investments are given to it, whereby to move again in the midst of wretched sense, by which intrusion may come as heretofore into the chambers of her consciousness. The resurrection she shall be denied, and then, being rejoined by her former companions, they shall be submitted to material scenes, again to suffer and enjoy.

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
It was a beautiful turn, given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the Governor, who told her that nothing but her confession where she had hidden him could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the Governor. "I will pass my word for your safety on that condition." "Then," said she, "I have hid him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed her enemies.

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
How much unlike their many sides of old—Goldsmith. The increasing folly and dissipation of our young men of the present day, must be a source of deep regret to every reflecting mind. In former times, the young men of our most wealthy families were accustomed, from their infancy, to such habits of industry and economy as were calculated to render them respectable citizens and valuable members of society. In those days, the Farmer's son was to be found attending his father in the field, and by his exertions endeavouring to obtain for his family that independent station in society to which the Farmers of our country are so justly entitled. In the Merchant's counting-house, the son was to be seen regularly and industriously assisting the father in the transaction of his affairs, thereby attaining a knowledge of business and trade, and preparing himself to take the station of his father, when his resignation, or death, should call him to supply his place upon 'change; and of those of our youth who were destined for the Pulpit, the Bar, or any of the learned professions, were mild, modest, studious and retiring. These times and these men have passed away, and what a different picture does the manners of the present times present! The field of the Farmer, the desk of the Merchant, and the closet of the Student, are deserted and forsaken!

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
We shall find the young Farmer besotted at the ale-house fire-side, or staking his plantations on a horse-race, and the youth of our cities, wasting their days and nights in taverns and cellars, in a continued round of riot and debauchery! Amidst the circle of our own acquaintance, do we not find hundreds of young men, possessing all the advantages of education and fortune, sunk in dissipation, or wasting their time in frivolous and vulgar amusements? To them the charms of refined society, have no attraction—female beauty and accomplishments are neglected; and we find them herding with the guilty and abandoned outcasts of the community. Taverns, gaming houses, and brothels, have become fashionable resorts, and swearing and blasphemy fashionable accomplishments.

**THE MORALIST.**  
**HUMAN LIFE.**  
Nothing can be of more importance to a nation than the morals of her youth; if they be pure and virtuous, she may look forward to future honour and advancement; if corrupt and impure, to future degradation and disgrace! The Roman Empire flourished and expanded as long as

the Roman people maintained their virtuous simplicity; when they became corrupt and effeminate she sunk to decay; and no two pictures can be more opposite, than the one of her Hero nobly proclaiming to the insulting Gaul, the custom of her people to ransom their country with iron and gold, and that of her fair-faced knights, advancing against Hannibal, bedecked with jewels and perfumed with essences.

It is a subject of common complaint with us, that we have fallen, as a nation, from our first works, and forsaken our original republican simplicity. We hear of *Leaves* at Washington, and read of *Honourable* gentlemen. We are told that corruption is creeping into the administration of our public affairs; that there are *rats* in the Treasury Department; and that our rights and liberties are bartered and sold in Legislative *Caucuses*!

If things be so, "how have the mighty fallen!" If we *now*, in the infancy of our existence, have become rotten at the core, the time is near at hand when we must moulder to decay, and the state of the morals of our rising generation holds forth to us the prospect of a speedy dissolution.

**"SANCTE."**  
FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF OCTOBER, 1824.  
**THE LADIES.**  
[Translated from the French.]  
The critics of the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquettish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! It is the fable of the Lion and the Man. But since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learned to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil—who correct—who seduce them? Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions,—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften,—nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue? When we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day,—that her form is fairer than the summer,—more fresh than spring,—that her lips are vermilion,—that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the incarnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her, that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties,—no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her, that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the Loves and the Graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow, and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charming, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman, but to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know, is that she is pretty; that to be intelligent, is to be pedantic; and that to be more learned than one's neighbour, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation? Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer, when there is no superiority or be constant, when there is no merit?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise, when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands,—that the utmost of a lover's hopes, is to be the humblest of her slaves,—that to fulfil the least of her commands, is the highest ambition of her adorers? And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation. When men cease to flatter, women will cease to coquette; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the state of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt and be corrupted,—they may improve and be improved.

**BEAUTY.**  
The following, respecting the preservation of the beauty of young ladies, is from the Medical Adviser:  
**ON RESTORING COLOUR TO THE FACE.**  
1st. Let her go to bed at ten o'clock—sine if she pleases. She must not grumble because she may not sleep for the first night or two, but thus lie ruminating on the nocturnal pleasure from which she has cut herself off, but persist steadily for a few nights, when she shall find that habit will produce as happy a sleep as that which followed a late ball.

2d. Let her rise about six o'clock in summer and eight in winter, immediately brush her mouth well with a tooth brush and cold water, then take a table spoonful of the following mixture:  
Of decoction of bark, six ounces,  
Of tincture of bark, one ounce,  
Of diluted sulphuric acid, one drachm.  
Mix; after which, breakfast within an hour.

3d. Her breakfast should be something more solid than a cup of tea and a thin slice of bread and butter. She should take an egg or two, a little cold meat, or a cup of chocolate.

4. She should not sit reading romances all day by the fire, or indulge herself with thinking upon the perfidy of false swains, or the despair of a pining damsel, but bustle about, walk or ride, make puddings; and when she feels hungry, let a mutton chop or a custard, with a glass of wine.

5th. Let her dine upon mutton or beef with out fat, but she need not turn away occasionally from a fowl or any thing equally as good; only observe to drink but little during dinner.

6th. She must not take three or four cups of tea, but one or two, and pretty strong, at about two hours after dinner.

7th. Let her eat a custard for supper, or a basin of sage and wine, or any light thing of the kind, and then in a little time after let her go to bed.

8th. Let her read, if she will read, no die away love tales, but humorous works, so as to keep the mind uncluttered with heavy thoughts.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. AMERICAN SCENERY.

Messrs. Editors,

Although the scenery of our country excites none of the classical recollections inseparable from the contemplation of the dilapidated temples of Greece and Italy, and has none of the air of romance which is thrown around the ruins of the feudal castles and Monkish institutions, still it is of the most sublime and beautiful character. Our mountains, forests, lakes, cataraets and rivers, are unrivalled in extent and majesty. While the outline of country is on so extended a scale, nature has filled up the details of the picture with those milder beauties of highland and vale, diversified with wood, lawn, and rivulet, which are the favourite themes of the poet, and offer such happy subjects for the pencil of the painter.

But with all these beauties spread out before us, with the exception of some views from the North River, and a few from spots in our own neighbourhood, very little has been done in Landscape painting. For this neglect our metropolis can offer no excuse, as one of our own citizens stands first in America in this department of the graphic art, his works fairly challenging a comparison with the most admired productions of the European schools—and, as every one who has made a tour up the Schuylkill must know, that the portfolio of an artist might readily be filled with sketches from its charming scenery. This river, from its sources among the savage wilds of the Blue Mountains, to its junction with the Delaware, meanders through a singularly picturesque country, and its interest is greatly increased by numerous and important works of art. It is crossed by noble bridges—it is thrown into falls by extensive dams, and on its banks are Mount Carbon, and other rich coal mines, canals, manufactories, mills, towns, and the water-works at Fair Mount, besides such villas as Lemon Hill, Lansdowne, and the Woodlands.

In examining the causes of this neglect, I am forced to attribute it, in a great measure, to our ladies. It does violence to the feelings of a Cavalier to make the assertion, yet, in sober sadness, it must be said, that they evince a striking want of taste. This assertion is borne out by these facts:—To them is committed the furnishing and decoration of our parlours, and they select the most beautiful ornaments for the mantles—they purchase side-boards, lounges, tables and chairs of the most approved patterns, and they arrange the drapery so as to fall in the most graceful folds from richly gilt cornices; but the walls are merely covered with paper, and pictures are quite out of fashion!

Now, Messrs. Editors, as the extensive circulation of your weekly miscellany, is a certain evidence that our ladies are not destitute of a love of polite literature, let me beg you to use your influence to excite among them a fondness for the liberal arts of Painting and Engraving. Let them but take up the subject with proper zeal, and we shall have no longer to complain, that "Our western world, with all its matchless floods, Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods, Stamp'd with the traits of majesty sublime, Unhonour'd, weep the silent lapse of time."

**SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.**  
May all be classed under these terms: Convex, Plane, and Concave. The convex, or, in other words, magnifying glasses, are for eyes that have failed by age, or have been otherwise impaired in their structure. The plane glasses are commonly green, and neither magnify nor have any other effect than to shade the eye from that glare of light which is apt to irritate tender eyes. The concave are directly the reverse of those which have failed by age or other causes. They are for eyes that are near-sighted. Near-sightedness is never the effect of age, nor of excesses; but is owing to the natural formation of the eye; a formation which, though it differs from the ordinary standard, can hardly be called a defect; for, although deprived of some advantages, it is possessed of others in a superior degree. Near-sighted eyes are more powerful in discerning minute objects; and are, therefore, best for engravers and other artists, who, if not near-sighted, have to borrow aid from magnifying glasses. Age, instead of impairing near-sighted eyes, changes them to the ordinary standard of good eyes. The disadvantage of near-sightedness is, that objects beyond the distance of a few inches, appear with less distinctness; and, therefore, the near-sighted person loses much of the pleasures and advantages of sight, if without the happy aid of concave glasses.

Convex glasses are not useful in viewing distant objects; and concave ones are not useful in viewing close ones. Both obstruct the sight, when applied contrary to their appropriate use.

Hence, if the trouble of wearing spectacles when riding or walking, is less than when reading or writing, or at work, it would seem that, if obliged in any part of life to use spectacles, it were better in the former part.

**NEAR-SIGHTED.**  
**Specimens of a Patent Pocket Dictionary.**  
**ABRIDGMENT.**—Any thing contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

**ABSTRACT.**—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing master, music master, mantua maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

**ADVICE.**—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

**ALLEGORY.**—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

**BABIES.**—Noisy, licentious animals, much denigrated by those who never had any.

**BACHELOR.**—Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek word for foolish, and by Spelman from Baculus, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society.

**BACKWARD.**—A mode of advancement practised by Crabs, and recommended to mankind in general by the Holy Alliance.

**BAIT.**—One animal impaled on a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

**BAKER.**—One who gets his own bread by adulterating that of others.

**BALL.**—An assembly for the ostensible purpose of dancing, where the old ladies shuffle and cut against one another for money; and the young ones do the same for husbands.

**BAN.**—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

**BEER, SWILL.**—See Water.

**BELMAN'S VERSES.**—See Vision of Judgment.

**BENEFIT OF CLEMENCY.**—See Tithes.

**BISHOP.**—The only thing that gains by a translation.

**BLANK.**—See every lottery ticket bought by yourself or friend.

**BODY.**—That portion of our system which receives the chief attention of Messrs. Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody while Nobody cares for the soul.

**BONNET.**—An article of dress much used by fashionable females for carrying a head in.

**BOOK.**—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

**BOON.**—See Law.

**BOON.**—A periodical bore from the country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he may inflict the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town.

**CAUTIOUS.**—One who is incapable of writing books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

**COLLECTANEA.**  
The season of cold is fast approaching. A periodical succession of mutabilities in nature is generally the forerunner of settled permanency. What a number of trembling vibrations course their way over the human character, before the boy completely assumes the post of man! It is the same with the changing seasons. The boundaries of autumn and winter approach each other in the month of November, and they seem to contend for victory over the ruins of the gay summer, which are strewn beneath them. To-day may be sunshine, to-morrow stormy, and the third a contention between both. At one time may be seen the man of business, hurrying along the pavement or the wharf, equally driven by cold and customers; and at another time, he may be found lounging beneath the portico of the Coffee-House, sunning himself in the bright beam, and chartering a vessel for a distant port. But all those changes which pass through our atmosphere in the month of November, are but so many prompters of the severity of the approaching winter.

A beautiful object in a cold day is a clear coal fire. Even the brilliancy of the fuel, as it lies in the yard, seems to have some effect on the imagination. We trace, in fancy, the shining mineral to the happy parlour, or the gay drawing room, surrounded by smiling faces and happy bosoms. A good joke always cracks louder before a bright burning fire of Orrel coal, than in a dark, dingy lane, or on a rainy day. Since the Declaration of Independence, we have been in the habit of cracking our own jokes; it appears to be full time, therefore, to crack them in future before fires made from our own fuel. Let us, then, hail Lehigh, Lackawanna, and Schuylkill, and with all due deference give the *go-bye* to Orrel.

Orrel, thou art very dear and very scarce, and though thou burnest bright, only go where the Schuylkill or the Lehigh coal is burnt, and there thou wilt find something, if not as gay, yet much hotter, and far more comfortable on a cold day. Orrel flames and sparkles, but Schuylkill is calm, hot, and heavy. Orrel has all the bustle of a pompous foreigner, but Schuylkill has the quiet enthusiasm of a native forester. Orrel kindles quickly and is as quickly gone, but steady Schuylkill acquires ignition slowly, glows with calmness and composure, and continues to be a beautiful flower in frosty days, when its rival has shrunk to a handful of dust and ashes. In short, Orrel coal is the Sir Walter Scott of minerals, but Schuylkill is the calm, the steady, the permanent Thomas Campbell.

A goose is very generally accounted a very stupid creature, and the proverbial expression, "as stupid as a goose," is frequently used to denote the extreme of stupidity. That every goose is not extremely stupid, however, the following occurrence, which lately took place on a farm in a neighbouring state, will testify. A haughty dunghill cock took a particular antipathy to a fine goose, the guardian of a numerous brood, and, accordingly, wherever and whenever they met, the cock immediately set upon his antagonist. The goose, who had little chance with the nimble and sharp beak of his opponent, and who had accordingly suffered severely in various rencounters, got so exasperated against his assailant, that one day, during a severe combat, he grasped the neck of his foe with his bill, and dragging him along by main force, he plunged him into an adjoining pond, keeping his head; in spite of every effort, under water, and where the cock would have been drowned, had not a servant, who had witnessed the proceeding, rescued the humbled foe. From that day forward the goose received no further trouble from his enemy.

**WEATHER.**  
Innumerable advantages would arise to the husbandman from a foreknowledge of the changes of the weather; and even from a foreknowledge of the general characters of the approaching seasons. In the former case, he would be able to order his business from day to day in the best manner, and to prevent much hurry, perplexity and loss; especially in the seasons of hay making and harvesting; in the latter, he would be happily directed in his choice of crops, and the best methods of cultivating them. And as this knowledge is not to be obtained, the ability to make every probable conjecture is next to be coveted, as it will be found to answer very valuable purposes.

It is well known that the weather is much governed by winds. Rain is very often preceded, and accompanied by a southeast wind, and snow by a wind from the northeast, or north north east; and an east wind, continued twelve hours, seldom fails to bring rain; and yet some rain often times comes from every other quarter. When the winds blow from any point betwixt north and west the weather is expected to continue fair and dry.

The weather is oftener unsettled about the times of the equinoxes, than at other seasons: And high winds and storms are more to be expected.

Falling weather oftener happens a little before or after the fall and change of the moon than at other times, especially if she happen to be near to her perigee, at the time of these changes. For the attraction of vapours from the surface of the earth is then greatest.

The redness of the sky at the rising of the sun,



INCELDON.—This celebration  
leave of the stage,







